

My Boy, You May Take It from Me

Robin's air from *Ruddigore; or, The Witch's Curse* (bass)

Text by *Sir William Schwenck Gilbert* (1839-1911) [Br]

Set by *Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan* (1842-1900) [Br]

My **boy,** **you** **may** **take** **it** **from** **me,**
[mæ:ɪ bɔ:ɪ ju me:ɪ te:ɪk ɪt fɹʌm mi]

That **of** **all** **the** **afflictions** **accurst**
[ðæt ɔv ɔl ði ə.'flik.ʃənz ə.'kɜst]

With which a man's saddled
And hampered and addled,
A diffident nature's the worst.
Though clever as clever can be—
A Crichton of early romance—
You must stir it and stump it,
And blow your own trumpet,
Or, trust me, you haven't a chance!

Refrain

If you wish in the world to advance,
Your merits you're bound to enhance,
You must stir it and stump it,
And blow your own trumpet,
Or, trust me, you haven't a chance!

Now take, for example, my case:
I've a bright intellectual brain—
In all London city
There's no one so witty—
I've thought so again and again.
I've a highly intelligent face—
My features cannot be denied...

The entire text to this title with the complete
IPA transcription is available for download.

Thank you!

